

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"REJOICE IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



HOME TO FARLETON AGAIN.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SUMMER ENDED.

"SHOW me your hand, Hope," said Captain Ashworth, when they reached the house. "I have strapp'd up many a cut in my day."

The listless, moody Piers was now taking an interest in what was passing around him. He had listened attentively to the explanation of the encounter on the hill, which seemed to wake up his energies.

No. 1217.—APRIL 24, 1875.

No surgeon could have taken more pains to examine and treat the wound than he did. Carefully smoothing the edges, he strapped the severed parts together with considerable skill, permitting himself while so engaged to utter sundry reproaches, from which Hope did not attempt to defend herself. Since the disastrous result of her visit to the castle, his manner towards her had undergone a change, not in her eyes for the better. Passing from one extreme to the other, its former indifference had given place to

R

PRICE ONE PENNY.

captiousness—he had an evident pleasure in fault-finding and putting her in the wrong, and on the present occasion, though his touch was tender, his words were rough.

"How was this done? With a sickle, you said. How came you to touch a sickle with such an unskilful hand as yours? There, never mind answering. Belton, give Miss Hope a glass of wine—she looks pale. Clever as she thinks herself, she would faint away for a trifle like this, if we did not prevent it—she is but a child."

Whilst making his observations in a grumbling way, Captain Ashworth completed his work in a neat, experienced manner, occasionally glancing at Hope to see how much she could bear.

"Ah! I remember," he said; "you were pushing the weeds out of the way. Of course, you must be busy in other people's matters, or you would not be Hope Wallis."

"I could not lay Ada down on the nettles," said Hope, gently; she felt too much shaken by her previous alarm to defend herself with her usual spirit.

"And you could not recollect that newly-mown nettles sting, and therefore abstain from touching them with a gloveless hand. You may have to suffer some time for your carelessness. Why don't you keep your gloves on, as Ada or any other young lady does?"

In this matter Hope liked her freedom. She had taken off her gloves while sitting beside Ada on the turf, that she might the better enjoy pulling off the grass blades, or gathering the few wild flowers that had escaped the scythe.

"What a spirited, unselfish creature it is!" was Captain Ashworth's thought as he walked away when his surgical work was completed.

"How cross Captain Ashworth can be, even when performing a kindness," mused Hope, as she tendered her thanks for the service he had rendered her.

The following day was the last of the Captain's stay at Bellerive. The letter that had arrived for him proved to be the summons he had been for some time expecting. He was to join the Hon. Francis Kelso in Paris, and become his travelling tutor for a few months, an office which his good sense obliged him to accept, though he did so with secret repugnance.

"I know of no engagement likely to be so beneficial to you as this," said Mrs. Stanmore, when Piers was sarcastically calling himself a schoolmaster. Smiling bitterly he shrugged his shoulders, saying he preferred the diggings. That morning he appeared more than usually dissatisfied, and though gentle to Ada, it seemed to be an effort. With Hope he was testy and captious. As she leaned over the balcony of the general sitting-room—a favourite lounge, commanding as it did a view of the river and some fine trees beyond—he joined her, and inquired after her hand.

"Was it better? Had she repented of her foolish habit of acting upon impulse, without reflecting where that might lead her?"

Hope, surprised at this unexpected interrogation, raised her dark, expressive eyes to ascertain his meaning, and found him surveying her with attention, and standing before her at the same time, so as to keep her a prisoner in the corner where she was.

"Hope," he continued, without changing either his attitude or his gaze, "you know that I am going away to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"And in a short time you will be returning to England. You will see my mother; what will be your report of me?"

"That you are much better; so much so that she need not be anxious about you."

"On what terms are we to part?"

"On what terms?" Hope, taken at a disadvantage, was about to reply, "As friends," but, struck by something peculiar in the expression of his face, she remembered their former conversation, and was silent.

"The other day you refused me a place among your friends," said Piers, regarding her attentively.

"I said that I had never thought of reckoning you among the number."

"On the principle that I was undeserving?" he rejoined. "Agreed. One or two actions have no weight in such an important scale."

Hope was then looking at her hand, which had been so well and carefully doctored.

"Never mind your hand," said Piers, guessing her thought of the moment; "my surgery was no bribe. What I did for you I should have done for any other in similar circumstances, except for those haridans there," he added, jerking his head in the direction of the little church. "You deliberately, stoutly, and firmly refused my friendship; what will you have from me?"

"Not refused. We cannot refuse what is not offered," replied Hope. "I only said that it did not exist."

"One other you omitted from your list of friends, and for the same reason, because you could not give your esteem," interrupted Piers, "an explanation flattering to us both."

Hope had never thought to hear her own words brought up against her. They had been drawn from her reluctantly, in reply to questions suddenly asked, yet they were truly spoken, and she could not change them. For Clarice she had no real regard. Measured by her rules, the character and conduct of Piers had also fallen to a low level—far below the expectations founded upon his early manhood, when the frank, handsome young soldier, kind, joyous, and bold, was not only her ideal, but the pride and admiration of the village. For his affliction she had mourned; yes, the little girl had cried when she heard of it, and thought Clarice very happy to have it in her power to cheer and mitigate his trouble. She was prepared to think that Piers Ashworth would be as noble in adversity as she fancied him to be before it came. But she was mistaken. The trial had blighted, not purified, and suffering, far from uplifting, had changed his manly character into a weak one. He had become irritable and irritating, and when neither silent nor morose, carping and fault-finding. His personal disappointments had stirred all the harsh discords of his heart, and made him cynical and selfish. No. Hope, who loved so dearly what was good, and admired so sincerely what was excellent, was obliged to admit that, during the three months Piers had resided with them, she had seen little in him which did not cause her pain or regret, either for his mother or himself. Her private feelings she put on one side, or thought she did. Abounding in those sweet charities of life which lead to finding the greatest amount of pleasure in contributing to that of others, Hope regarded Captain Ashworth's self-concentrated habits of mind and action with the

sternest disapprobation of which she was capable. From the same tenderness of heart, the severe little judge would have melted into gentleness and pity had Piers condescended to give her the smallest glimpse of the regret that his former prejudices and harsh opinions now caused him.

Not being willing to disturb the harmony of this last day at Bellerive by continuing a conversation that might end unpleasantly, nor yet able to say smooth things she did not mean, Hope allowed Piers' last remark to remain unanswered.

The wisdom of silence is so often lauded that it is surprising how many have the rashness to break it. With provoking assurance Piers returned to the charge, and in a bantering tone requested Hope to name the best quality she had discovered in him during the summer.

"What, silent? Is there no one redeeming point in my character?" he said, enjoying her bewilderment. "Have I been so given up to selfishness and its attendant enormities as to leave only unpleasant recollections behind me? The worst of men generally have some good points; am I worse than the worst? Have you not a word to say in favour of your old playmate? Not one? Is he altogether gone to the bad?"

"If you want a better character than I can give, you should apply to Ada," said Hope.

This was his first allusion to the youth-time which she supposed he had forgotten. She was pleased that he recollected it, but would not be cajoled into departing from the truth.

"I will ask for Miss Lester's opinion when I want it, at the present moment I wish for yours," rejoined Piers. Hope was getting tired, also uneasy as to how this conversation, half serious, half bantering, would end, if continued, and expressed a desire to join Ada in the next room.

"You are not free yet," said Captain Ashworth, barring the way. "Give me one good quality and you shall go."

"I can't," replied Hope.

"You mean that I have none?"

"I mean that I don't recollect any," she replied.

"You impertinent little midge," exclaimed Captain Ashworth, detaining her. "I just wanted to see how far you would go in setting up your childish judgment over me—a tiny thing like you, and so young to boot, to weigh me in the scales of her small experience and pronounce my value so mercilessly. You elfin sprite, who were little better than a babe in long clothes when my beard was grown—you to constitute yourself my critic and censor. You think me inferior to yourself, and have the modesty to tell me so."

Was he in jest?—was he in earnest? Hope only knew that this was not the Captain Ashworth she had ever seen before. He seemed bent upon tormenting her. She vainly tried to get away, Piers would not move aside, and she could not pass him where he stood.

"You are ungenerous," she said at last, flashing on him a reproach from her speaking eyes, "I did not seek this conversation, you forced it upon me. You ask questions, insist upon answers, and then are angry with me because they are not what you like."

"Who says that I am angry?" answered Piers, now permitting her to join Ada, and following her.

"Lester, Miss Lester," he said, "this little Hope,

mite as she is, does not hesitate to let me know that she considers herself my superior."

"I never said such a word," was Hope's indignant denial.

"Softly. We learn as much from inference as from language. Are you not trying to do right in your little sphere?"

As he would not be satisfied without receiving an answer, Hope was obliged to reply in the affirmative, though half afraid her admission would be turned against her.

"Very well. Now do you believe that I am doing the same in mine?" She was cleverly silenced.

"Look at this little hand of Hope's, Miss Lester," said Piers, taking it into his own. "See, I can roll it into a mere ball; I could crush it with scarcely an effort; I could shiver at a stroke all the night of this small frame; I could toss her like a shuttle-cock in the air, and yet I cannot make her utter a word that she does not choose to say. I could not bend her spirit if I tried. She is obstinately determined not to recognise in me a single virtue, and I cannot make her. Well, then, begin with my faults: name the greatest. By this backward reasoning I shall probably discover the estimation in which I am held. It may be folly or it may be something better, but I wish to hear how I appear to others." Captain Ashworth's face had now lost its jesting expression. Dark lines were about the brow, and he looked stern and hard, but it was from repression of feeling, not from the absence of it. There was a hungering in his heart for something to feed and sustain its finer sensibilities. He knew that he had hardened himself against many of those kindly emotions that from time to time spring up in all that are human, and that he had added bitterness to his trials by a passionate revolt against them. Hope, whom he was affecting to disparage, reproached him by her example. Always doing for others, sweet-tempered even to him, firm but gentle, a child in size, a woman in will, though vexed by the calm tone she assumed towards him, he really saw her in a most favourable light. To his own surprise, he respected her in his heart, though she was still a riddle and a puzzle to him. He was determined to understand her.

"Little Hope"—Piers looked down kindly on her now,—"confess that you have been paying me off for my bearish ways, and that you do not think so ill of me as you would have it appear."

"But I have not said one word more than I mean," said Hope, in a tone too positive to suppose her to be joking.

"There is inconsistency somewhere," said Piers, addressing Ada; "you hear what she says, and, like myself, you must remember many a kind deed unobtrusively performed. How often she assisted me when I could not use my sight as I can now, putting useful things within my reach and dangerous ones out of it. Here is another proof of her thoughtful kindness." Piers took out of his pocket the letter of the day before, which he had found on the table.

"She takes all this trouble about me, and yet endeavours to leave me under the impression that she does not consider me worthy to be classed among her friends. Either she does not think me so black as she paints me, or, desiring to oppress me with her superiority, she shows me that while I am following my own wishes, she lives in the daily practice of a charity to which I do not even aspire."

Hope was jarred by his manner of speaking more

than by what he said. Was it in earnest? was it irony? Without pausing to ascertain, she rushed impetuously into an explanation that swept away in an instant all the cobwebs of uncertainty.

"I have been kind and painstaking for your mother's sake; she asked me to be forbearing and good to you, as a sister, from love to her, and so I have been."

Hope flashed upon him this justification of herself more with her eyes than her tongue, and then, vexed for having, as she feared, betrayed Mrs. Ashworth's confidence, she hurried out of the room, catching a glimpse of the deep-red colour that suffused his brown cheeks as she made this admission. In her room she could not help crying with anger, mortification, and a variety of feelings to which she could give no name. Why had Piers forced her to this avowal, one so likely to make him displeased with his mother as well as herself? Though she knew little of the home charities that soften a man, she could guess a little what would harden, and felt that Piers would not easily pardon a union of feminine forces against himself. Why, after so many months of indifference, had he suddenly begun to tease and irritate her into this energetic display of vexation and imprudence? "Ah me!" thought little Hope, as she paced her chamber, "if Captain Ashworth should testify his displeasure to his mother, what will she think of me!" Hope was tossed with many perplexities; she was wroth, and did not distinctly know with whom—whether with herself or with Piers; dissatisfied, she knew not why; unhappy, she knew not wherefore. Why could not the days of this summer visit close as they had begun; why could not Piers leave them as he had lived with them, scarcely disturbing, or, at most, only for a few instants now and then, the current of their lives?

Not till dinner-time did the three meet again, and then Hope was so changed she could not expect to escape remark. Instead of her spirited chit-chat and merry laugh, which Piers' presence, even in his least amiable moods, had never checked, she was so silent and downcast as to draw from Mrs. Stanmore some wise words about the folly of encouraging sensibility. "The world is full of partings," added that lady, sententiously; "were it not so we should have no merry meetings. Set one against the other, Hope. You will soon be at home, and that will reconcile you to the breaking up of our present circle. If you look so sad about it my nephew will fancy that he has made himself agreeable this summer, which would be a lamentable mistake. Try and look a little less melancholy. Partings must come."

"Oh, I don't mind that at all," said Hope, blushing at the vivacity of her reply; and then thinking that she had been unnecessarily rude, she blushed the more.

Last days or last hours are rarely spent pleasantly, or remembered afterwards without regret, either on account of some thoughtless word spoken, or for a number of kind ones omitted.

In spite of Mrs. Stanmore's efforts to lead the conversation into interesting channels, every subject fell flat. No one cared to talk, or appeared to have anything to say. It was a relief when Ada rose that evening and said "Good night," Hope following her example. "Good night," repeated Hope, shyly, and was already too far off to return when she perceived that Captain Ashworth had put out his hand. Well, the morrow would come and go, and other

days too. She would have liked to part kindly with Piers, but that was not to be, and would not signify after a little while. She should soon return to England, where the daily occupations of home, like the waters closing over a stone that had troubled their depths, would soon efface every unpleasant memory she might have of this summer episode. With such reflections she endeavoured to argue away the intangible and unreasonable regrets she could not altogether repress, and prepared herself for the final leave-taking on the morrow.

The conveyance intended for Piers was punctual to the appointed time. At its announcement he stood up, and the others did the same. "Good-bye, Miss Lester," he said, turning first to her, "I have to thank you for many a valuable lesson during our three months' residence under the same roof. I shall hope to hear of you from my mother, and always good news. Permit me—" He stooped to kiss her forehead, and relinquishing her hand approached Hope. Afraid of being hurt, she hesitated a second, and then gave her left hand; the right was still sore and painful. Piers looked at her before taking it as if to understand the movement, said a formal farewell, and went on to where Mrs. Stanmore was standing, when Hope retired to the balcony away from the others. Feeling unhappy, without knowing why, she hid her face upon her arms, which rested on the iron railing.

"Little spy! we must not have a left-hand parting—that might be ominous of perpetual discord." She started, raised her head, and found Piers bending over her, with a smile upon his face. "When my mother so thoughtfully assigned to you the duties of a sister, she virtually gave me the privilege of a brother." As he spoke, his arm went softly round her shoulder, and drawing her head towards him, he gently laid his moustache upon her brow, and while still holding her, whispered,—

"If you cannot think well of me, look up and say that you are sorry for it." In her present mood Hope was easily touched. Two large tears that had been asking to come now filled her eyes, so that she could hardly see when she did look up. He brushed them away, called her "mother's little spy," and was gone before she could utter a word.

What ailed the merry, practical Hope, that when the chaise had driven off she laid down her head and sobbed? Everything had happened so differently from what she expected—her impressions, calculations, and opinions were all wrong. Her facts proved fancies and her fancies phantoms.

She thought Piers was angry, and she found him almost tender; she would not call him a friend, and he claimed to be regarded as a brother. She imagined that she had been patient and forgiving, and it turned out that it was Piers who was now forbearing. She fancied she had been faithful in telling him unpalatable truths, and now it appeared that she had been hasty and superficial, and had not fathomed the real Piers Ashworth after all. This departure to which she had looked forward as a relief was now converted into a grief, for with it went the chance and hope of a better understanding for the future. Disquieted and dispirited, her calmness ruffled to its depths, new emotions were upsetting old ones, and her judgment was too perplexed to comfort her. The separation anticipated as freedom from restraint was now binding her in the fetters of regret. Hope might well wonder over this unexpected change.

What ailed her, to be so suddenly depressed—she to whom a feeling of general benevolence came as gladness and joy, refreshing as rain upon the earth, as dew upon the grass, as sunshine on the golden sheaves?

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONJUGAL DIFFERENCES.

In a few days Mrs. Stanmore was again established in her comfortable house in London, and Hope was on her way home. The meeting with Mrs. Ashworth had been all pleasure, not diminished when Hope, in the honesty of her heart, related how in a moment of irritation she had revealed their compact to Piers. Mrs. Ashworth only smiled, saying it had done no harm, and, in proof of her assertion, handed Hope one of Piers' recent letters. Short it was, as men's letters often are, yet it evidently contented the mother, and was kind and affectionate.

"And I wished to reprove him for coldness to his mother; I am glad I was spared making myself ridiculous," thought Hope. "What a pity it is that some people persist in burying their best feelings and turning the worst uppermost." As Hope read her colour deepened. She paused and began the sentence over again. Yes, the words were really there—"Your young friend Hope is a remarkable little woman, so brave, yet so simple. I shall have to subscribe to your opinion of her." The date was the day after her adventure at the castle. It is true she had vexed him since then, but the offence, whether great or small, had been forgiven. His brotherly farewell was yet present in her memory.

Mr. Fellowes met Hope at the station. To no other would he give the pleasure of fetching the dear wanderer home.

With sparkling eyes and an elastic step she jumped upon the platform, and was soon giving and receiving a cordial embrace. However dear, however kind, the friendships gilding the successive phases of life's long journey, none are so precious nor so brightly coloured as the joys and affections that cluster round the early home. Oh! the happy days when trifles can afford pleasure, and simple amusements give a charm to the passing hour! Alas! the mere spectators, for whom they are but memories, know best their full value, time rather than intensity rendering them indelible.

Hope's return made quite a gala day in Tarleton. Not a cottage but evoked some interest; not a ragged child that did not awaken some agreeable feeling, either as a reminiscence of the past or as a project for the future.

The home welcome, however, was the best of all, so sweet and so dear that, when Hope that evening sat in the family circle, she thought there could be no happiness in the world so great as this going back to "The Bury." There was so much to tell, and so much to hear. Tarleton Manor was now a fashionable resort, and there Nina was often a visitor.

Not satisfied with the contingencies of country visiting, Mrs. Fellowes was desirous that Nina should accompany her cousin to town in the following spring, as Clarice made no secret of her intention to give Ray no rest unless he promised to take her.

"Ray would be a fool to do so," Mr. Fellowes had said when made acquainted with his wife's wishes for his daughter, "and Clarice is a greater still to ask it. With all the expenses into which she has led him, her jim-cracks and her follies, I am sure he has saved nothing this year. What do you suppose the

new furniture and carriages have cost already? They have laid out more upon one room than the old Squire spent upon the whole house in his lifetime. I say nothing against the billiard-room; an idle man like Ray requires some amusement on a rainy day; but the crotchet of having a large conservatory where Clarice may walk and occupy herself in winter, is an absurdity. I hope Ray will never consent to it. I would see my lady pout and wrinkle her brow for months before I would give in to anything so foolish. Let her put on a pair of thick boots and take good wholesome walks about the country, as our children do. She would keep her beauty longer and bring healthier children into the world. Don't you encourage her in any such nonsense."

Mrs. Fellowes, who had already given Clarice's schemes her approbation, thought it necessary to combat her husband's opinion, and found so many reasons to support her own that he lost his patience.

"Go on, Mrs. Fellowes," he said, with a glance that meant the contrary; "that is right—argue, argue for ever. Never stint words to bolster up a folly that comes into a woman's head. Upon my word, I think there must have been some mistake, and that part of the speech made by Job's wife has been omitted. If she could have contented herself with saying so little when angry, the patriarch's domestic troubles were light compared to mine. Perhaps, however, in counselling her husband to curse and die, she hoped to find a more efficacious way of comforting herself, and that alters the case."

Mrs. Fellowes rarely understood all the sarcasm latent in her partner's remarks, but he enjoyed it himself none the less for that, and was frequently restored to good-humour by his own joke. It was so now, as he continued more quietly, "Don't you see that whatever economy Ray may practise is for the benefit of Clarice? As long as he lives they have a capital income, but if he dies without a son to succeed him, and has made no provision for his wife, she will have little more than her own property—just the value of the furniture, for he can leave her nothing else. The estate is strictly entailed—a very foolish affair, but it is so. The old squire and Ray might have managed that matter between them. Of course Ray would have consented to cut off the entail."

"And you have just condemned them for buying all this handsome furniture, that will be hers?" reasoned Mrs. Fellowes.

"That will be hers! How wisely you talk."

Diving his hands yet deeper into his pockets, the gentleman, now sufficiently irate, impatiently turned away, and, after making a circuit of the room, planted himself before his wife, saying, "Now, look here, what is all that frippery of satin, velvet, and gilding compared with a round sum at the banker's? What will it all be worth after a few years' wear—and what use would it be to a widow obliged to live in a small lodging on £200 per annum?" Then framing her chin with his hand, he continued, "It is well for you, my dear, that I married you, not for your judgment, but for your pretty face, which time treats so kindly."

The lady, partially appeased, for she valued her good looks more than her intellectual pretensions, only drew back her head, answering good-humouredly—"But, Mr. Fellowes, you will always take the dark side of things. Why should Ray die early when his father lived to be an old man, and why

should he not leave a son behind him, as the Ashworths have done from generation to generation?"

"And why must we suppose that what has been is ever to be? When Ray married my niece, he promised me to put aside £3,000 annually for three years and settle it on his wife, with the addition of another thousand. At the end of the first year I will ask him what he has done, and shall be much mistaken if I do not find he is practising procrastination instead of economy. There is no foolery like that, as I know to my cost. Why, if half the resolves and exertions I have been projecting for the last thirty years had been carried out when first planned, we should be princes instead of beggars. I repeat, never encourage Clarice in any of her extravagant wishes, and then, come what may, no self-reproach will lie at your door. You are welcome to say that I do not approve of the fancy for passing a season in London, and will not let my daughter visit Mrs. Ray Ashworth there. Where am I to find money for all the fandangoes she would require?" pursued Mr. Fellowes, now branching off into another view. "Besides, Nina's visit would afford an excuse for Mrs. Fellowes to join her, and Mrs. Fellowes must have fandangoes too, and Mr. Fellowes, poor man, must pay for them somehow, and be left at home to be cared for by incompetent servants, wear coarse clothes and hob-nailed shoes, while his wife and child are aping their betters. Thank you, that does not suit me."

"But if I promised not to ask to go myself?"

"I should be just as determined to prevent Nina from going."

"I wish we were rich," sighed Mrs. Fellowes. "It is hard upon Nina to have so little change and so few advantages. Even Hope has more, and not the chance of turning them to such good account. I do not think she is likely to marry."

"So much the better for us. We shall have her for ourselves when we get old. You will be glad to look at her bright face when I become more crusty than I am now. Nina visits at the manor, where there is company and foolery enough. All in good time; her charms will find as good a market as her mother's did—and you will not venture to tell me that you are dissatisfied with yours."

Mr. Fellowes always terminated his domestic arguments triumphantly, being one who, when his gun missed fire, knocked down his opponent with the butt-end. However sincere Mrs. Fellowes might be in her resistance, she had to yield at last; her husband's will was law, and she was too good a wife to do as some less amiable and more astute would attempt in her place—to gain by ruse what she could not obtain by reason. So that when Hope returned, she found both mother and daughter making the most of the gaiety within their reach by frequent visits to the manor.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

WHEN the emigrant ship *Cospatriek* was burnt in mid-ocean, and the four survivors reached this country a few months ago, the hope was entertained that one of its missing boats might have reached the island of Tristan d'Acunha. This hope has been dissipated by later news. Her Majesty's ship *Sappho* was at that time on her way to this lonely spot, and by the courtesy of the authorities

of the Admiralty we have received the report of her visit. This island lies out of the ordinary course of ships, some twelve hundred miles from Cape Colony, but is now the home of a little community, the descendants in part of shipwrecked mariners, and in part of a few people left behind from the garrison which held it in the days when Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena. It was visited by the *Galatea* when the Duke of Edinburgh was making his tour of the world. A later visit was described in the "Leisure Hour" of November, 1873 (page 709), by a correspondent returning from Australia, whose ship had been compelled to call there in search of fresh provisions after a protracted voyage. This last account attracted the attention of Mr. James Tall, of Hull, who sent £10 to the editor, with a request that he would purchase articles of which the islanders were said to be in want, and forward them by the earliest opportunity. The question then arose as to the means of communicating with them. Inquiry was made at various shipping offices, but no ship could be found that was passing the island. In this difficulty the Admiralty offered to take charge of any package, and forward it by the *Sappho*, which was about to sail for the Australian station. The Religious Tract Society immediately took advantage of this opening, and made a grant of religious and educational books for the use of the islanders; and other friends, especially Mr. Smithies, of the London School Board, and Mr. Williams, of Hitchcock's, St. Paul's Churchyard, contributed other articles, so as to make up as large a box of useful gifts as the brief time allowed.

Commander Digby, who kindly undertook to superintend its delivery, now states in a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, that he has delivered the box into the charge of Peter Green, the recognised head of the community, by whom he says the contents will be "judiciously distributed." "The inhabitants," he adds, "are by no means destitute, and there is no reason, provided a certain proportion emigrate as the families increase, why they should not continue to live there very comfortably for many years to come. I was much pleased with the cleanliness of the houses. The school is conducted by Peter Green and the wife of one of the islanders." He encloses the following:

LETTER FROM PETER GREEN.

"Tristan d'Acunha, January 6, 1875.

"Sir,—I, Peter W. Green, received the box sent by H.M.S. *Sappho*, Commander Digby, and I will distribute the contents according to your instructions. Our community is fourteen families, or ninety souls, and as I am related to all I shall have no difficulty. Those articles you were so kind to send to us came just in good time, for we have but very few ships stopping at our island of late years. We live mostly on potatoes, beef, mutton, butter, and fish. If we had a market for our produce, we should get along very well, for our island is very healthy, and our young men are very healthy and able to work. We had Mr. William F. Taylor our minister for five years, but he went to Cape Town, and he took about forty-five of our people with him; so we must remember the 'Where two or three are gathered together.' In the name of the community I return thanks.

I remain, your humble servant,

"PETER W. GREEN.

"The ship is off, so I must break off."

REPORT TO THE ADMIRALTY.

We have received, by the courtesy of the Secretary of the Admiralty, the following copy of report (sent through Captain Grant, of H.M.S. Himalaya, Senior Officer on the station), by Commander Digby, on the condition of the islanders:—

H.M.S. Sappho,

At Sea, Lat. 37.24 S.; Long. 9.32 W.,

8th January, 1875.

Sir,—In compliance with orders received from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I have the honour to make the following report on the condition of the islanders of Tristan d'Acunha:—

2. There are fourteen families on the island, eighty-five persons in all.

3. They subsist on the produce of their farms, on which they rear cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, in considerable numbers, and cultivate potatoes and other vegetables; the sea abounds with fish, and the neighbouring islands are visited for seals.

4. There is no lack of the necessaries of life, but as there is no regular communication with the rest of the world, they are dependent on the casual visits of vessels for clothing and luxuries.

Want of flour is their most serious inconvenience, and wheat will not grow.

5. The number of vessels calling there has considerably diminished since the American War, before which the island was frequently visited by American whalers, which are now but seldom seen.

6. Peter Green, a native of Rotterdam, who was wrecked on the island about forty years ago, is the person who appears to have the greatest influence among the people, who are nominally on a footing of equality; and I believe it is due to his superior intelligence, aided by the advantage he possesses in point of age, that order is maintained.

7. Green considers himself under the jurisdiction of Cape Town, and bases his assumption on the fact that some years ago Bishop Grey, of Cape Town, visited them and made them sign a document acknowledging themselves in his diocese.

8. It appears desirable that there should be some recognised authority on the island, or that it should be occasionally visited by a man-of-war, as it seems that during the American War the Confederate Cruiser *Shenandoah* made use of it for landing prisoners from her prizes, which the islanders were powerless to resist.

9. Fresh provisions can always be obtained, of good quality and in any quantity, and the boats are rarely prevented by stress of weather from communicating.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) NOEL S. F. DIGBY, *Commander.*

UNDER CANVAS:

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

IV.

Dakree Beneik, October 16th.

THE ascent of Dakree Beneik is accomplished. I ought to write the words with unalloyed satisfaction, but there are two drawbacks to my happiness. First of all, I am nearly frozen to death with the cold, which prevents my taking a keen interest in anything, and then the disagreeable thought that

if we ever want to get home we must descend it again weighs upon us all. However, for the present, I suppose it is enough to remember that the labours of to-day are over, and if I can get my poor stiff fingers to write at all, I must give an account of how we got up here.

On first catching sight of the hill, it looked like one sheer precipice rising suddenly from the valley. When we actually came to the foot of it, however, a narrow track became visible, and here we halted to make our final preparations. We were divided into three parties, the first to start being the ponies. There had been such a question about their getting up at all, that we watched them anxiously over the first part of the road. Off they set, and though two men were told off to each animal, one to push behind, while the other pulled in front, it certainly seemed doubtful if they could manage it. However, I believe it was only the noise and shouting which confused the poor beasts, for presently they began to clamber up quite cleverly, looking at a little distance as if they were walking up on their hind legs. We were in the next division, which consisted of all the dandies; one or two of the gentlemen having taken refuge in these conveyances for the day. Last of all came the remainder of the party, those who preferred having ropes tied round them, and being dragged by one or two active hill men. I suspect they were better off than any of us, but I don't know much of other people's adventures, my whole attention being taken up with my own. Certainly, much as I like dandies in general, I trust I may never be fated to climb Dakree Beneik in one again. Of course, going up such a steep place, the dandy, instead of being carried along horizontally, became almost perpendicular, and it was hard work to keep in it at all. This was not the worst, however; there was positively no room for the bottom of the dandy to pass, and though I indignantly insisted upon being allowed to get out and walk, my feeble Hindustani made no impression upon the head man, who, bent upon showing his zeal, ran along by my side, inciting the jampannies to crush me through narrow clefts in the rocks, to jump with me from boulder to boulder, to double the dandy into every conceivable shape—until at length, too tired even to exclaim, I had only just sufficient strength to cling with both arms round the pole; and hanging on to it in this way for dear life, I did at last get over the roughest part of the way, escaping both the danger of tumbling out of my bag, or what seemed still more imminent, the danger of having a pony tumble back on the top of me; and finally, being thrown down in a heap, more dead than alive, at the top of the hill, I had the additional provocation of discovering that my men were in the highest spirits at their own cleverness in distancing the rest of the dandies.

Mary arrived shortly after, equally exhausted, and we could not even raise sufficient interest to look at the view. Indeed, at first, all the energy which remained to us was employed in rubbing our noses violently, for we were both seized simultaneously with a fear that they were frostbitten. This alarm subsided, but I cannot tell you how much we suffer from the state of our faces; we are afraid the skin is coming off them altogether. It is very unpleasant and painful, but only what every one has told us might be expected from the frequent changes we make from heat to cold, and I suppose we have not been careful enough in keeping down our green

veils. As glycerine did us no good, I consulted the gentlemen the other day, to see whether they could recommend anything, and no sooner did Captain Graydon hear my request than he dived into his tent, and presently reappeared carrying a little bottle, filled, as he told us, with vegetable tallow, which he earnestly advised us to smear over our faces. It was a disagreeable process, as the smell is most uninviting, but we were too uncomfortable to be particular, and now we go about with our faces well oiled, and so unpleasantly shiny I feel quite glad our looking-glass is too small to give us much room for studying our own appearance.

October 18th.

The sudden ascent and the bitter cold at the top of Dakree Beneik gave us all headaches that first afternoon, and we were none of us very flourishing until the evening came, when the sight of a large bonfire revived our drooping spirits. It was placed at a little distance from the tents, to avoid any risk of stray sparks setting fire to them; and, like a magnet, it drew outside to itself one shivering creature after another, its attraction being so great that there was a very general unwillingness to leave it again, even for dinner. It was not seen in full perfection, however, until dinner was over. Then, as we came out from the *shemianah*, it looked very striking. The logs flaming and roaring, by their own glowing light making the darkness all around seem doubly dark, the weird-looking clouds overhead, and, above all, the huge mountains standing out like unearthly shadows against the dark-grey sky, made altogether a most impressive picture. Perched upon the narrow space at the very top of the hill, and peering down into what seemed by this light unfathomable abysses on every side of us, the sense of our utter isolation from the rest of the world came over me strongly. But I had not much time for losing myself in imaginations; very soon every one had gathered round the fire again, and there we sat enjoying the pleasant variety of being scorched instead of frozen. There was plenty of talking going on, too, for there is nothing more conducive to an interesting conversation than the flickering fire-light, and the unconventional feeling given by camping out in the open air. Every now and then, when the conversation lulled for a few minutes, some one lazily got up and kicked the logs a little more together, and then, like children, we sat watching with eager pleasure the showers of bright sparks flying up into the air, and the fire crackling and sputtering with renewed energy. We have never sat up so late at night before, but we really had not the courage to leave the delicious warmth. I think we should have stayed there all night, if the bonfire would only have lasted; but presently there came a sudden falling together of the wood to warn us it was near its end, and with much the same feeling one has in plunging into a cold bath, we drew our wraps closer round us, took one final toast, then, summoning all our resolution, ran down to the tents, slipping into bed as fast as we could, with hope of still retaining a little warmth through all the cold process of undressing.

Notwithstanding our dissipated hours at night, we were up early the next morning to see the sun rise. Straight in front of us rose the snowy mountains, with only two or three ranges of hills between us and them. So close were they, indeed,

that in the clear morning each corner and crevice became visible, and we saw the drifting snow sliding gently down, or carried by the wind into little mounds and wreaths, the grey rocks pushing their jagged edges up through it all; and lastly, the great white slopes of pure unruffled ice and snow, forming altogether a picture, the calm unearthly loveliness of which took away from us the very power of admiring it. The topmost peaks seemed actually to touch and press against the sky, and, for the first time, their enormous height really impressed me. Hitherto nothing has quite come up to the exaggerated ideas I had made in my own mind of the grandeur and size of the Himalayas, but here they surpass everything I had dreamt of. I feel as if I could never tear myself away from Dakree Beneik again. It would be quite worth the trouble of making the ascent, even if it were ten times as difficult. Greatly to my delight, therefore, we are staying here for a day or two to let the gentlemen shoot. This is the last camping-ground from which we shall get any extended view of the range of snows. When we leave it we shall only see two or three peaks towering above the rest of the hills, for we shall be getting very close to the two giant mountains, Nundee Davee and Nundee Kot, between which lies the Pinduri glacier, the goal of our journey.

An Argus pheasant has been shot and some minaul pheasants, but no bears, which latter fact is perhaps rather a consolation to Mary and myself when night comes round, and we are not tormented with the idea that wild beasts are prowling about us. In the daytime, on the contrary, we are very brave, and have made a little programme as to what we should do if the bear came upon us when we were alone and unprotected. We count upon defending ourselves with a tiny pocket-pistol which Mr. Williamson has lent us, and with which we practise so steadily we are becoming quite good shots at a bottle. We have the jampannies as spectators, who are immensely amused by our performance, and always gather round to watch it. We have such a nice set of men—very anxious to please us, and apparently quite delighted when they can climb up anywhere to pick us a flower we want.

October 20th.

The descent of Dakree Beneik on this side was not at all particularly steep. On our way down we passed for the first time a flock of sheep carrying packs filled with salt on their backs. They were driven by very wild-looking men, who had such savage dogs we were quite afraid of passing them. Their masters, however, seeing us hesitate, very coolly kicked them over the side of the road, and with some difficulty we threaded our way through the frightened sheep. These Bhootier dogs are remarkably handsome animals, about the size of a Newfoundland, and they would make good out-door dogs if only they could be tamed sufficiently; but though they serve their own masters faithfully, they are most ferocious to other people, and, moreover, I am told they do not do well in England. I was much more anxious to have a Cashmere goat as a pet. During the last day or two we have continually passed herds of sheep and goats, and they certainly are the most picturesque little creatures possible. Sheep in general are such uninteresting things, but these are very tiny, smaller than English lambs, with

long silky hair, curved horns, and clever, intelligent faces. I quite longed to have one for my own, but no one would second my wish, and I am afraid I could hardly turn it to account by making it carry my baggage. They are used exclusively as beasts of burden, but one wonders how they can be very profitable, for I do not think their diminutive little

brown blanket, so ingeniously put on that it forms both a kind of kilt and also a plaid, which is fastened on the shoulders by two great brass pins, the only things which keep the whole garment together. They are made of the commonest material, and the workmanship is of course rude, but I was much surprised by their pretty shape; the twisted heads



THE ASCENT OF DAKREE BENEIK.

pack-saddles can hold more than a pound or two of salt.

I always delight in meeting them, and the men who travel with them are themselves quite different from any we met in the lower and more cultivated districts. They are well made, though not tall, and, like most hill people, seem very active. Their costume is peculiar, consisting only of a rough

and hanging chains would make very good shawl pins. Some of the men wear coral beads round their necks, and I was in hopes, at first, of picking up some bargains, but, unfortunately, all I saw were so badly cut, and of such uneven sizes, they would have been quite useless. The most remarkable thing about the men, however, is that you never meet one who is not busily employed in

spinning: they walk along twirling their spindles at a great rate, and never seem to stop for anything.

I have seen very few women; indeed, we are coming now into a tract of country which is not permanently inhabited by any one—only lived in by the hill people as they halt on their way down from the colder regions beyond the snow. We have not passed a village for some days, but the hills are still planted here and there with a grain which is like Prince of Wales's feather. It adds a good deal to the beauty of the scenery, for when ripe it is a bright crimson, and these people just stay long enough to cut the crop, and then migrate again farther south.

Mary and I suffer dreadfully from want of food. In the first place, then, the gentlemen have always a glass of milk and some biscuits before the early morning start, but as we neither of us can eat anything at that early hour, we get nearly famished before ten o'clock arrives. Breakfast of course sets us up again for a little time, but as there is nothing to be got between breakfast at ten and dinner at seven, we poor unhappy creatures accustomed to luncheon, not to speak of five o'clock tea, become so over-hungry that as often as not our appetites have quite deserted us by dinner-time. The provisions are so strictly rationed out that we never manage to save even a chepatty from breakfast. We lived in great luxury during the first few days of our journey, for we started with a little store of gingerbread nuts my mother had thoughtfully provided for us. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the selfish way in which we kept them to ourselves, and the care with which we hoarded them, these have disappeared at last, and now we have nothing at all, though the keen air and bitter cold make us hungrier than ever.

A day or two ago, when we were sitting quietly reading at our own tent door, Major Francis came up to us, and saying, with a good deal of embarrassment, that he had been very anxious to speak to us for the last few days, went on to ask us point-blank if we could manage to do with a smaller quantity of spirits. Imagine our utter astonishment and perplexity! We only got more and more mystified as he proceeded politely to explain that he thought it necessary to be particularly careful of the brandy now that we were entering these cold regions, where it might have to be used medicinally. At this point, I think, our faces of innocent surprise must have rather provoked him, for without any more prefaces he went on to say that, under these circumstances, he thought a flaskful of such strong spirits must be almost more than we really wanted every night, and perhaps we could contrive to make it last us two days in future. His serious face, combined with this ridiculous and incomprehensible accusation, quite upset our gravity, but we could not help feeling aggravated at the polite incredulity with which he received our indignant denials of the whole story. The wine and brandy, he declared, were kept under his own special control, and no bottle could be opened without his knowledge. Every night for the last ten days the ayah had arrived to get her mistress's flask filled, and it had only been the fear of putting us to inconvenience which had prevented his remonstrating with us before. This last bit of news proved to us that Bunnoo must at least have been an accomplice in some dreadful plot to take away our characters, so, begging the Colonel not to fill the flask again on any pretext, we returned into our tent to overpower

the guilty woman with the discoveries we had made.

We called her in, and Mary seating herself with great dignity on the one chair, whilst I, with as stern an expression as I could assume, took up my position on the tub by her side, we proceeded to make our inquiries. Our charming ayah, not even giving herself the trouble of denying the fact, coolly explained to us at once how she had taken my flask, whose contents were upset, as I told you, at the commencement of the journey, and insisted in our name upon having it filled every evening for her own benefit. Mary, who began by reminding her of all the favours we had heaped upon her ungrateful self, pointed out the enormity of her fault in such an eloquent and pathetic speech, that I was quite touched by the few words I could understand. I only wish it had had the same effect upon Bunnoo, but far from being impressed by it, she attempted to justify herself by grumbling bitterly against the cold which had forced her to take something to keep herself warm. After all, we could not help admitting the truth of this argument, and so our anger gradually melted away, and we returned to make our explanation to the gentlemen, who were much amused with the story. Major Francis affects to be satisfied, but my private opinion is, that in his secret heart he still considers it, to say the least, doubtful whether we did not aid or abet the attack upon his brandy. Any way, I am convinced he thinks we must be very careless not to have found it out for ourselves, but we have never had any opportunity of doing so, for the ayah sits outside all day, and at night the only thing we have noticed was that she seemed to sleep very heavily.

I am afraid the hardships of the journey have demoralised the poor woman, and it seems rather cruel to have dragged her with us at all, though I am sure I do not know how we should have got on without her. She did nothing but groan over her sufferings when she was in a warm climate, and here the cold seems to shrivel her up altogether. Not that she fears any worse than we do; she is quite as warmly clad and always travels in her dandy, but then she does not see the fun of being jolted up and down over the bad roads, and probably thinks we must be all quite mad to have started upon such a trip, when we might have stayed comfortably by our own firesides at home. She had been so doleful for some days, we quite dreaded seeing her after the ascent of Dakree Benik; but, for a wonder, we found her in the highest spirits, congratulating herself on her own clever arrangements. She is a very little woman, and escaped all the knocking about from which her mistresses suffered, by persuading a coolie to carry her up the hill on his back in a basket. Doesn't it sound absurd? But these baskets—or "kilters," as they call them—are often used as means of transport; and, at an earlier stage in our travels, we often met pilgrims performing in them their pilgrimage to Budrinath, a particularly sacred place at the foot of the great snow mountain of that name. The "kilters" are long and narrow, something like gigantic strawberry pottles, and I should certainly have thought no one but a native could have curled himself up inside one; but I believe they are frequently used by Europeans in the Cherrapongee hills, only there the bearers are women instead of men, and the basket is fastened by a strap round the forehead, which thus bears the principal part of the weight.

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BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

V.—THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

VOCAL music in this reign was in universal esteem, and cultivated to an extent that we moderns have not yet arrived at. Instrumental music occupied a lower grade in the scale of musical art, partly owing to the imperfection of instruments, and the consequent indifference of professors to spend their talents upon what was beneath them. The practice of instrumental music, in private life, was generally confined to solo performance, and to accompanying music for the voice. Before the end of the reign, however, instrumental music began to assume the concert form. This change of fashion (if it may so be termed) may be dated from the year 1599, when Morley printed his "First Booke of Consort Lessons, made by divers exquisite authors," for six instruments to play together—i. e., the lute, the pandora (or bandora), the cittern, the flute, and the treble and bass viol. An example once given, it was speedily followed by others of a similar kind.

The instruments in common use during this reign are thus enumerated by Drayton in his description of "The Sundry Musiques of England":—

"The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best,
In sets that there were seen, the music wondrous choice.
Some, likewise, there affect the gamba with the voice,
To shew that England could variety afford.
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,
The cithron, the pandore, and the theorbo strike:
The gittern and the kit the wandering fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learned strife,
Loud instruments that lov'd, the cornet and the fife,
The hoboy, sackbut deep, recorder and the flute;
E'en from the shrillest shawen unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country-round,
The tabor and the pipe some take delight to sound."

Before, however, noticing the most important of these instruments, we shall introduce the virginal to our readers, as the instrument *par excellence* of private life.

The virginal (the favourite instrument of the Queen herself) was made sometimes in the form of a square pianoforte, sometimes in a triangular shape, and it was played in the same manner as our household instrument. The chief difference consisted in the wires being plucked by a quill (in imitation of the plectrum of the ancient lyre) instead of being struck by a hammer. Its general form is shown in the following engraving, copied from a piece of stained glass of the Elizabethan period.

Some writers have supposed that the name of this instrument was intended to convey a compliment to Queen Elizabeth—the "virgin Queen;" but as the instrument is named in the inscription (of the time of Henry VII) on the walls of the ancient manor-house at Leckenfield, Yorkshire, this is impossible. Dr. Johnson suggests that the instrument was so called "because played upon chiefly by young ladies;" and a modern writer with better judgment ascribes its title to its uses, and reminds us how, in the pleasant twilight of convents and old halls, it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the *Virgin*.

Henry VIII was very solicitous that his daughters

should excel in musical accomplishments, and their talents appear to have been of no mean order. Sir Frederick Madden, in his Introduction to the "Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary," says, "In regard to the lighter accomplishments of music and dancing, Mary equalled, if not excelled, Elizabeth. Of the first, indeed, she appears to have been passionately fond, as intimated in the letter addressed to her from Queen Catherine Parr. She played on three instruments, the virginals, regals, and lute, and, according to Michele, excelled on the latter to a surprising degree. So early as 1525, we find particular directions given to her governess, in regard



VIRGINAL

of the princess's occasional practice in both the above accomplishments; and in the letter of maternal advice sent by her mother after their separation, she is desired sometimes to use her virginals, or lute, if she had any." From the expenses contained in Sir Frederick's volume, we learn that this monition was not disregarded; and after Mary's restoration to favour, she seems to have sedulously applied to the cultivation of music. Mr. Paston is named as her teacher on the virginals, and Philip Van Wilder, of the Privy Chamber, as instructor on the lute. She was accustomed, it seems, to take these instruments with her wherever she removed, and items often occur of payments to a person coming from London to tune them.

Princess Elizabeth's love of music is well known, and has frequently been descanted on. Camden, in giving an account of her studies, says that "she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and was indifferently well seen in the Greek. Neither did she neglect Musicke, so far forth as might become a princess, being able to sing, and play on the lute prettily and sweetly."

There is every reason to believe that she devoted

much time and attention to the study of music long after she became Queen of England. Sir James Melvil ("Memoirs," 1683) gives an account of a curious conversation which he had with this princess, to whom he was sent on an embassy by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1564. After her Majesty had asked him how his queen dressed; what was the colour of her hair; whether that or hers was best; which of the two was fairest, and which of them was highest in stature, then she asked what kind of exercise she used. "I answered," says Melvil, "that when I received my despatch the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting: that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories: that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said, reasonably for a queen."

Several virginals of the Elizabethan period have been preserved, and in the recent gathering of musical instruments at the South Kensington Museum, the Queen's own instrument was exhibited. The case is of cedar, covered with crimson Genoa velvet, upon which are three gilt locks finely engraved; the inside of the case is lined with strong tabby silk; the front is covered entirely with gold, having a border round the inside two inches and a half broad. It is five feet long, sixteen inches wide, and seven inches deep, and is so lightly and delicately formed, that the weight does not exceed twenty-four pounds. There are fifty keys, thirty of ebony, tipped with gold, and the remaining twenty (*i.e.* the black keys) are inlaid with silver, ivory, and different kinds of rare woods, each key consisting of about two hundred and fifty pieces. On one end are the royal arms, richly emblazoned; and at the other end is a symbolic and highly-finished painting of a crowned dove, with a sceptre in its claw, the painting done upon a gold ground, with carmine, lake, and ultramarine.

The chief mechanism of the virginal consisted in the action of the jacks, slender pieces of wood armed at the upper end with quills. They were fixed on the farther end of the finger-keys, and acted as plectra by impinging or twitching the strings. By the stroke of the finger the quill was forced past the string, its own elasticity giving way, and remained above the string so long as the finger was pressed on the key, giving the string liberty to sound.

The action of these *jacks* was the constant subject of simile and puns; for instance, in Middleton's "Father Hubbard's Tales," describing Charity as frozen, he says, "Her teeth chattered in her head, and leaped up and down like virginal jacks;" and in Dekker's "Satiro-Mastix; or, the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet," 1602, one of the lady characters exclaims, "We women fall, and fall still; and when we have husbands, we play upon them like virginal jacks; they must rise and fall to our humours, or else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of us."

In Nicholas Breton's poem, entitled, "A Flourish upon Fancie," 1582, the virginal is mentioned along with other musical instruments as forming part of the ordinary stock of a gallant of those days:—

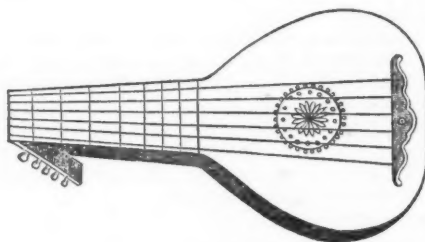
"Upon an olde crackt forme,
By his bedside, there lies
Ould instruments of musick's sound
All broke in wondrous wise;

A lute, with half the strings
And all the pinnes neere out,
The belly crackt, the back quite burst,
And riven round about.
His *virginalls* with never a jack,
And scantily halfe the keyes;
His *organs* with the bellows burst,
And battered many waies.
His *fife*, three holes in one;
His *harpe* with neere a string.
Great pittie, trust me, for to see
So broken everie thing."

The poet Spenser mentions the virginal in one of his iambs, and the immortal Shakespeare has condescended to notice it in one of his sonnets:—

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand."

The lute was, in Elizabeth's time, one of the most popular instruments in Europe, and it was in great favour with the English people. Specimens are now of great rarity, and its form is chiefly known from representations in old pictures. The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Hlud*, or *Lud*, *i.e.*, sounded. It was a much larger instrument than the guitar, with a convex back, somewhat like the vertical section of a gourd, or more nearly resembling that of a pear. As it was used chiefly for accompanying the voice, there were only eight frets, or divisions of the finger-board, and these frets (so called from fretting or stopping the strings) were made by tying pieces of cord, dipped in glue, tightly round the neck of the lute, at intervals of a semi-tone. It had virtually six strings, because, although the number was eleven or twelve, five at least were doubled. The head in which the pegs to turn the strings were inserted receded almost at a right angle, as shown in the following representation from Adrian Le Roy's "Instructions for the Lute," printed by John Kingston in 1574.



LUTE.

Mr. William Chappell, whose charming work on the "Popular Music of the Olden Time" gives so much valuable information upon our manners and customs, speaking of this reign, adds: "Lute strings were a usual present to ladies as New Year's gifts. From Nichols' 'Progresses' we learn that Queen Elizabeth received a box of lute-strings as a New Year's gift from Innocent Corry; and at the same time, a box of lute-strings and a glass of sweet

water from Ambrose Lupo. When young men in want of money went to usurers, it was their common practice to lend it in the shape of goods which could only be re-sold at a great loss; and lute-strings were then as commonly the medium employed as bad wine is now." Nash alludes to the custom in his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," 1593: "In the first instance, spendthrifts and prodigals obtain what they desire, but at the second time of their coming it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no; the world grows hard, and we are all mortal: let them make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds (per consequence) in silks and velvets. The third time, if they come, they have baser commodities. The fourth time, *lute-strings* and grey paper; and then, I pray you, pardon me, I am not for you; pay me what you owe me, and you shall have anything."

There were other instruments of the lute kind in this reign, such as the bandora and orpharion, but they were never very popular. They were much larger than the lute, and had wire strings. They were chiefly used in concert with the cittern and gittern, and formed a bass to the smaller instruments. The Theorbo-Lute (said to be named after the inventor) had eight bass strings, of considerable length and power. It was used for playing a "thorough bass," or accompaniment, down to the middle of the last century.

Vincentio Galilei (the father of the great astronomer, Galileo), in his "Dialogo della Musica," remarks that in his time (1533—1590) "the best lutes were made in England," and plenty of evidence might easily be produced in proof of the estimation in which English makers of musical instruments were held at this period.

English performers on the lute were greatly esteemed in this reign, and received the patronage of foreign courts. Dowland, whose "touch on the lute" was said to "ravish human sense," travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, and about the year 1600 became lutenist to the King of Denmark. On Dowland's return to England in 1607, Christian IV begged of Lady Arabella Stuart (through the Queen and Prince Henry) to allow Thomas Cutting, another famous lutenist then in her service, to replace him. This speaks volumes for the talent of our countrymen in olden times.

Perhaps the instrument most common among the inferior class of the English people in this reign was the cittern. It was in shape somewhat like the English guitar of the last century, but had only four double strings of wire—i.e., two to each note. These were tuned to the notes G, B, D, and E of the present treble staff, or the corresponding intervals, for no rules are given concerning the pitch. A particular feature of the cittern was the carved head, which is so frequently alluded to by the old writers. Shakespeare, in his "Love's Labour Lost," compares Holofernes' countenance to that of a cittern-head; and Fletcher, in his "Love's Cure," exclaims, "You cittern-head! you ill-countenanced cur!" Playford, in his "Musick's Delight on the Cithren, Restored and Refined to a more easie and Pleasant Manner of Playing than formerly" (1666), speaks of having revived the instrument and restored it to what it was in the reign of Queen Mary. We are enabled to give a representation of the cittern from this curious volume.

The gittern, or ghittern, another popular instrument of this period, differed only from the cittern in being strung with gut instead of wire. In the catalogue of Henry the Eighth's musical instruments (quoted in a former paper), we have "four ghitterons, which are called Spanish vialles." The word "viol" in Spain was synonymous with "guitar."



CITTERN.

"One branch of the barber's occupation in former days," says Mr. Chappell, "was to draw teeth, to bind up wounds, and to let blood. The parti-coloured pole which was exhibited at the doorway, painted after the fashion of a baxdage, was his sign, and the teeth he had drawn were suspended at the windows, tied upon lute strings. The lute, the cittern, and the gittern hung from the walls, and the virginals stood in the corner of his shop." "If idle," says the author of "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," 1597, "barbers pass their time in life-delighting musique." The barber in Lyly's "Midas," 1592, says to his apprentice, "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands (a peculiar crack with the fingers) like the tuning of a cittern." Dekker also speaks of "barber's cittern for every serving-man to play upon;" and Tom Brown, of facetious memory, tells us that "a cittern is as natural to a barber as milk to a calf or dancing bears to a bag-piper."

Among the higher class of instruments of this reign was the viol, so often mentioned in conjunction with the lute. It differed from its companion in being played upon by a bow; in fact, it was the precursor of the violin. It had six strings, and the position of the fingers was marked on the finger-board by frets, as in the lute, and in instruments of that class. The "Chest of Viols" consisted of three, four, five, or six of different sizes: one for the treble, others for the various parts, alto, tenor, or bass. Nearly all the instruments of the sixteenth century were made in sizes, so as to be capable of taking the different parts in concert. A great many mistakes have been made by modern writers owing to their not being aware of this fact, and, consequently, unable to reconcile the apparent contradictions in old authors. Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," speaks of the recorder as a little pipe; and says in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder;" but in an engraving of the instrument (see the "Genteel Companion for the Recorder," 1683) it reaches from the lip to the knee of the performer; and among those left by Henry VIII were recorders of box, oak, and ivory, great and small, two base recorders of walnut, and one great base recorder. In the same catalogue we find flutes called pilgrims' staves, which were probably six feet long.

The custom of retaining musicians in the service of families was common in this reign, and every person at all "well-to-do" had his "musick chamber." Sir Thomas Kytson, citizen and mercer, built

Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, between the years 1525 and 1538, and at the death of his son, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, inventories of all the furniture and effects were taken, including those of "the chamber where the musicyans playe," and of the "instruments and books of musicke" it contained. With the exception of those for the lute, all the books of instrumental music were in sets of five for music in five or more parts. The number of musicians was perhaps increased by his son, for in the household expenses of the year 1574 we find "seven cornets bought for the musicians"; and the viols, violins, and recorders in the inventory are, like those of Henry VIII, in chests, or cases, containing six or seven of each; whilst much of the vocal music required six, and some seven and eight, voices to sing it. In 1575 he lent the services of Robert Johnson, Mus. Bac., one of his musicians, to the Earl of Leicester on the occasion of the pageants at Kenilworth. This is an interesting item, as we have few particulars of this musician, who was the original composer of the music to Shakespeare's "Tempest."

The cornet of this period was of a bent shape, like the segment of a large circle, gradually tapering from the bottom to the mouthpiece. It had a powerful tone, but in skilful hands could be modulated so as to resemble the tones of the human voice. After the Restoration, when boys could not be found to start the cathedral service, the deficiency was supplied by playing their parts upon cornets.

The bass viol, or viol-da-gamba, was a great favourite in the time of Elizabeth, and even ladies played it occasionally. It derives its name of viol-da-gamba from its being held between the knees of the performer. It was the predecessor of the violoncello, and was originally made with frets, but later without them. It was in use till the middle of the last century. Sir Toby Belch, in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," says of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "He plays o' the viol-da-gambes, and speaks three or four languages, word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature."

Sometimes these instruments were of a very large size, assuming the form of a modern double-bass. Mersennus gives a description of one in the time of Charles IX, which was large enough to contain a young page inside, who sang the treble of some ravishing airs, while the performer, Granier, played the bass part on the huge instrument, and at the same time sang the tenor, thus completing the trio. There is a very large bass-viol represented in a picture of the Marriage of Canaan, by Paul Veronese, which has nine strings, and is apparently about nine feet high; but we must allow for pictorial licence.

Between the years 1562 and 1598, there would be living in London several makers of viols of much esteem; and Thomas Mace in his eccentric book, *Musick's Monument*, published in 1676, mentions some of them. But we had better let the old author speak in his own style:—"Your best provision (and most complete) will be a good chest of viols, six in number, viz., two basses, two tenors, and two trebles—all truly and proportionally suited. Of such, there are no better in the world than those of Aldred, Jay, Smith, (yet the highest in esteem are) Bolles, and Ross. One bass of Bolles' I have known valued at £100. These were old; but we have now very excellent, good workmen, who, no doubt, can work

as well as those, if they be so well paid for their work as they were. Yet we chiefly value old instruments before new; for, by experience, they are found to be for the best."

John Ross or Rose, the elder—here mentioned—lived near Bridewell in 1562. He was the inventor of the bandora, an instrument of the lute kind with nine strings. He also made viols. Stowe tells us that "he was excelled by his son in making bandoras, viol-da-gambas, and other instruments."

The following anecdote of this old maker is from the L'Estrange anecdotes (Harl. ms. 6395) in the British Museum:—"Rose, the old violemaker, had a singular facultie in making sweet instruments for single play; and, amongst other musical discourses, one was saying he knew where there was a very choice Rose viole, and he did not think but it was at least thirty years' old. John Holman being by, 'I protest,' says he, 'my father has an excellent good viole. I do not think but that it will be a Rose within these two years, for I am sure 'tis eight and twenty years old.'"

The viol long held a prominent place in England ; indeed it was by very slow degrees that the superiority of the violin was acknowledged. In what way this noble instrument, as known at the present time, was first perfected in England cannot now be authenticated ; but the model and outline of the earliest English makers are different from the celebrated Italian instruments—the “ Cremonas ” for instance. The earliest English instruments partake more of the high-swollen model of the violins made at Brescia and in the Tyrol, particularly in the outline of the body. It is more than probable that the violin came from these places and passed through Germany to the Netherlands. The intercourse of the English people with the Low Countries was greater in the reign of Elizabeth than with the Italians. This is the view taken by the late Mr. Sandys (“ History of the Violin,” 1864), and we think it very likely to be the correct one.

Although the violin was used in Queen Elizabeth's band it was not a favourite in "good society," being generally associated with wakes, revels, and other noisy merry-makings. When Charles II formed his band of "twenty-four fiddlers" the instrument rose in estimation, much to the annoyance of poor Thomas Mace, who laments that the majestic theorbos should be "over-top'd with squealing, scoulding fiddles." He says that the stuff they play "is rather fit to make a man's ears glow, and fill his brains full of frisks, than to season and sober his mind, or elevate his affection to goodness."

THE DEBTS OF THE WORLD.

WE endeavoured nearly two years ago, says a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette," to give an approximate estimate of the national debts of the world. We concluded on that occasion that the indebtedness of the world might be placed at about £4,200,000,000. During the two years which have since passed there is good reason to believe that a large addition has been made to this sum. New countries and old countries vie with each other in the money markets of Europe; and even China has lately commenced a national debt. There is considerable difficulty in ascertaining the liabilities of the

various nations which are thus heavily indebted. The annual almanacks give us some assistance in the subject; and the careful information which the "Economist" publishes in the "Investors' Manual" affords also considerable help in solving the question. The following are the best estimates which we can form of the principal national debts at the present time. We have contrasted them with the figures which we gave two years ago:—

Country.	Debt (Estimated).		Increase.	Decrease.
	1873.	1875.	£	£
France ..	748,000,000	900,000,000	152,000,000	—
Great Britain ..	790,000,000	730,000,000	—	10,000,000
United States ..	483,000,000	440,000,000	7,000,000	—
Italy ..	380,000,000	390,000,000	30,000,000	—
Spain ..	261,000,000	375,000,000	114,000,000	—
Austria ..	306,000,000	350,000,000	44,000,000	—
Russia ..	355,000,000	340,000,000	—	15,000,000
German Empire				
(States composing) 203,000,000	200,000,000	—	—	8,000,000
Turkey ..	124,000,000	135,000,000	11,000,000	—
India ..	108,000,000	130,000,000	22,000,000	—
	3,693,000,000	4,040,000,000	380,000,000	33,000,000
Net increase ..			£347,000,000	

The apparent increase in the indebtedness of the United States and the apparent decrease in the indebtedness of the Russian empire are due to our having followed on this occasion a different, and, we believe, more accurate, authority than in 1873. These ten countries, therefore, owe in the aggregate upwards of £4,000,000,000, and have added nearly 10 per cent. to their indebtedness during the last two years. No other country in the world owes anything like £100,000,000. The ten next largest debts stand, we believe, about as follows:—Brazil, £82,000,000; Holland, £80,000,000; Egypt, £75,000,000; Portugal, £69,000,000; Mexico, £63,000,000; Australasian colonies, £46,000,000; Peru, £37,000,000; Belgium, £36,000,000; Hungary, £32,000,000; Canada, £30,000,000; making a total of £550,000,000. The twenty largest national debts in the world amount, therefore, in the aggregate to £4,590,000,000. If we add £160,000,000 for the smaller debts, the national indebtedness of the world must amount to £4,750,000,000.

It is nearly as difficult to ascertain the charges which these debts involve as the amount of the debts themselves. But again taking in the main the "Economist" as our guide, we shall arrive at the following conclusions:—

	Debt.	Interest.	Rate per cent.
France ..	£900,000,000	£33,000,000	3½
England ..	730,000,000	26,700,000	3½
United States ..	440,000,000	20,000,000	4½
Italy ..	390,000,000	15,350,000	4
Austria ..	350,000,000	15,000,000	4½
Spain ..	375,000,000	11,000,000	3
Russia ..	340,000,000	13,450,000	4
Turkey ..	135,000,000	9,500,000	7
Germany ..	200,000,000	9,000,000	4½
Egypt ..	75,000,000	7,500,000	10
India ..	130,000,000	5,900,000	4½
Mexico ..	63,000,000	4,000,000	6
Brazil ..	82,000,000	3,100,000	4
Australasia ..	46,000,000	2,700,000	6
Peru ..	37,000,000	2,600,000	7
Holland ..	80,000,000	2,250,000	2½
Portugal ..	69,000,000	2,150,000	3
Belgium ..	36,000,000	1,750,000	5
Hungary ..	32,000,000	1,600,000	5
Canada ..	30,000,000	1,500,000	5
	£4,590,000,000	£188,550,000	

The debts of these twenty countries alone impose, then, a charge of £188,000,000 a year on their inhabitants. If we add £11,000,000 or £12,000,000 for the unenumerated debts, the national debts must impose a charge of £200,000,000 on the taxpayers

of the world, or of twice the sum which France, the country with the largest revenue in the world, is annually raising.

The rate of interest which these countries are severally paying on the nominal amount of their debt must not, of course, be confounded with the rate at which they can now borrow. Judged by the latest quotations on the Stock Exchange, some of these may be given as follows:—England, 3½ per cent.; India, 4 per cent.; Holland, 4½ per cent.; Canada, 4½ per cent.; Australasia, 4½ per cent.; United States, 4½ per cent.; France, 5 per cent.; Russia, 5 per cent.; Brazil, 5 per cent.; Italy, 6 per cent.; Portugal, 6 per cent.; Hungary, 7½ per cent.; Egypt, 8 per cent.; Turkey, 10 per cent.; Peru, 10 per cent.; Spain, 15 per cent.; Mexico, 18 per cent.

Varieties.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—EARLY EDITIONS.—In a letter to the "Bookseller," Messrs. Unwin Brothers point out some literary peculiarities of the early editions of Bunyan's great work. They can speak with authority on the subject, as having printed the Facsimile Edition recently introduced to the public (from the unique copy in possession of H. S. Holford, Esq.) by the enterprise of Mr. Elliot Stock, publisher:—

"The first edition of Part I. of Bunyan's 'Dream' appeared in 1678, and was reprinted before the end of the same year. The second edition was revised by the author, who also added several incidents and characters which, while they render the wonderful allegory more complete, also serve to show how the conception of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' grew and expanded in the author's mind. The following is a brief summary of these additions:—The paragraph descriptive of Bunyan's revealing his distress to his family, and of their bearing towards him; the interruption and turning aside of Christian by Mr. Worldly Wiseman (the former being represented in the first edition as going direct to the Wicket Gate from the Slough of Despond), and all the references to this incident; the interview between Charity and Christian at the palace Beautiful; the meeting of Christian and Faithful with Evangelist just previous to entering Vanity Fair; the list of quaint names descriptive of the relatives of By-ends; the narrative relating to Lot's wife; and the conversation between Giant Despair and his wife Diffidence. The characters designated Mr. Hold-the-World, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all appear for the first time in the third edition. These are the principal alterations which were made in Part I. of the allegory after the publication of the first edition, all other and subsequent changes being confined to orthography, grammar, and idiom, and the addition of fresh notes. Part II., descriptive of the journey of Christiana and her children, was first published in 1684, and was reprinted in 1686; no other changes than the four last named above being made in this part, Bunyan having died August, 1688. On the fly-leaf of one of the numerous copies in the British Museum is written the following, taken from the fly-leaf of the printer's copy—'I appoint Mr. Nathaniel Ponder and no other to print this work.—JOHN BUNYAN.'"

OLD CHRISTMAS DAY.—In some parts of the country the horses always rest on Old Christmas Day, which tradition has invariably observed on the 5th of January. The "old" days are still associated to some extent with the "custom" of the land, and are marked in the almanacks at intervals of twelve days from the "new" ones. "Twelfth-day" is thus popularly known as "Old Christmas Day," being, in fact, during the present century the Christmas of Russia and the East. Before the omitted Leap-year of 1800 the interval was only eleven days; and in "Poor Robin" and "Old Moore" for 1779 and 1780, I find the 5th of January marked as "Old Christmas Day," the other "old" days corresponding.

MOODY AND SANKEY.—Many of our readers have heard these American evangelists, and have formed their own opinion of the men and their work. For those who have not opportunity of hearing them, and for our readers in remote places, we give, as one of the fairest and most discriminating notices of the public press, the report of the "Times," own correspondent on the religious services held in Dublin early this year. The

meetings were held in the Exhibition Palace. We quote some sentences from this report:—"There have been at various times so-called 'revivals' which have cast a flood of devotional feeling over the country, but their influence was only transient—they left but little trace of any permanent effect. This new mission has been of a character essentially different, and seemed to possess elements of vitality which were wanting in others. There was nothing sensational, though much that was novel and attractive, in the nature of the services and the mode of conducting them. Mr. Moody, as a preacher, is certainly not superior, if he is not very inferior, in erudition and intellectual gifts to the average class of educated clergymen. He is eloquent, or he would have no power, but his eloquence is far from being of an elevated style. It is remarkable rather for great volubility and fervour than for the higher qualities of a pulpit orator. It has no pretension to elegance of diction, beauty of illustration, harmonious arrangement, or logical force. His great earnestness is, perhaps, the secret of his success. His heart as well as his head seems to be full of his subject, and he has no difficulty in giving effective expression to his thoughts. The evident absence of any effort at self-display, but rather a sensitive avoidance of it, helps to obtain for him a favourable reception, and he never fails to keep the attention of a vast multitude riveted and to enlist their feelings by the ready flow of his discourses, in which persuasion and argument were blended with many apt illustrations and personal incidents. Mr. Sankey possesses a voice of great volume, and he manages it with much skill, though it has not been properly educated. His utterance is remarkably distinct; he is able by himself to fill with vocal sound a building in which from 10,000 to 15,000 people are congregated. He accompanies himself with a small harmonium, which he carries with him on his missionary tours. He takes up some sentiment which Mr. Moody has illustrated, and presents it anew, invested with the attractions and sympathetic influence of music, and so fixes it more deeply in the heart as well as the memory. The services were characterised by a reverence and devotion which were extraordinary, considering that the multitude was composed of literally every creed and class, and that many hundreds who pressed for admission two hours before the doors were opened were attracted only by curiosity and some by a love of amusement, conceiving that they would find in the proceedings something to excite their ridicule. But the first prayer or the reading of a passage of Scripture, and still more surely the fervid exhortations of Mr. Moody, whose manner, tone, and words brought home to all the conviction that he at least was terribly in earnest, dispelled all ideas of the ludicrous, and made the most light-hearted and careless youths listen with deep attention and apparent interest. There was something very impressive in the breathless stillness which pervaded the vast assemblage covering the whole area of the Exhibition Palace from end to end during the delivery of Mr. Moody's most solemn utterances or Mr. Sankey's plaintive songs. There were no demonstrations of emotion such as may be seen in other revival meetings—no apparent excitement, but a very marked and universal reverence, and also an enthusiasm which was all the more intense because it was subdued. Let those who think they can do so account for the movement, and explain, if they can, what it is which brought together such immense congregations every day for nearly six weeks, and produced such extraordinary effects. The fact itself is memorable and suggestive."

In contrast to this notice in the "Times," and a still higher testimony to the excellence of the work being done by these Christian men, we quote the concluding words of an article in the "Saturday Review." "The people of London are threatened with a visit from two American Revivalists, as they are called, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who have been in Scotland and Ireland, and are gradually working their way up to town, leaving the usual traces of revivals behind them. It appears that Mr. Moody mixes up the gospel with comic stories of the kind ordinarily associated with the 'negro delineators' with blackened face and banjo, while Mr. Sankey sings hymns to rousing tunes of comic vivacity. By the stirring melodies of the singer, and Mr. Moody's startling alternations from the awful to the grotesque, the audience is worked up into a high state of excitement; women faint, children cry, and everybody is supposed to be converted."

Every editor is entitled to have his private religious opinions, but whatever these may be, it is a rule in honourable journalism to give truthful and fair reports of events. The reports of the "Times" and of the "Saturday Review" cannot both be true.

We intended to have given a portrait of Mr. Moody, but on inquiry found that no photograph of him could be obtained. Like good Mr. Müller, of Bristol, Mr. Moody refuses to sit for

his likeness, unwilling that any mere personal interest should mingle with the record of the high work in which he is engaged.

With regard to Mr. Sankey's part in the services, a stiffly orthodox divine said he thought it rather "irreverent to sing the Gospel." The reply of an aged minister was happy and decisive. "As to that, my friend, remember that the Gospel was sung before it was preached: when the angels sang 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good will to men.'"

MOHAMMEDAN SUBJECTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—A hundred years ago the British Empire counted only 13,000,000 of souls, at the present time there are no less than 160,000,000, so that out of every twelve British subjects only one is professing Christianity. In noticing Dr. J. M. Arnold's "Islam and Christianity" last month, we stated that there were 15,000,000 of Mohammedans in our Eastern Empire. It seems that this figure in "Islam and Christianity" is a misprint, and ought to have been 40,000,000, according to the latest census of British India. Truly, such a mass of people entrusted to us may well make us anxious. But the 40,000,000 do not include other masses of Moslem subjects at Aden, at the Cape, and in West Africa. It is a notorious fact that one-fifth of the population of Cape Town are Mohammedans. Such being the case, there seems indeed great need of the "Moslem Mission Society," which was the immediate outcome of the book we recommended to our readers, and which seems to be the only missionary society in Christendom that specially turns to the Moslems.

THE PITCHER WASP.—Mr. W. Wyatt Gill having submitted his notes on the pitcher wasp to the eminent French entomologist, M. Giacomelli, has received the following reply:—"This wasp (*Eumenes vomiformis*) is found in all the warm regions of the globe; certain species are met with in the south of France. It is black, variegated with yellow bands or circles. The nest of the *Eumenes*, constructed in the form of a ball, is in argillous earth; each of these balls contains a single cell. I have represented these little nests (which have never been described) from the specimens placed at the disposition of the celebrated entomologist Blanchard by Dr. Sichel. Several of these capsules or nests are broken open, the adult insects having just quitted them. I would draw attention, also, to the *Eumenes amedæi*, that constructs little nests in the form of domes, with a chimney or aperture serving as an exit for the insect, and that the insect destroys after the laying of the eggs.—H. GIACOMELLI."

DORMOUSE: SINGULAR CAPTURE.—In the year 1855, while engaged on the survey of the Camden Park estate, where the ex-Empress of the French now resides, I was desirous of obtaining a squirrel in one of the fir plantations on the estate, where these little animals abound. The lad who was employed in carrying the implements required in the work volunteered to ascend one of the tall fir-trees, in the uppermost branches of which were several drays or nests belonging to these animals. When he reached the nearest dray he put his hand into it, when a little animal started out and fell to the ground (a height of about fifty feet) close to the spot where I was standing. I searched for it among the herbage with which the surface was covered, but failed in my endeavour to find it. When engaged about an hour afterwards in another part of the property, I felt in my left arm, near the elbow joint, a sensation like the twitching of a muscle, to which at first I paid no attention, but as it occurred again a short time afterwards with increasing violence, I put my hand to the spot, and was surprised to feel a large lump there. On taking off my coat, I found inside the sleeve a beautiful little dormouse, who had ensconced himself there without my knowledge or consent. I learned from my assistant that it is the habit of these little creatures, when alarmed, to make for the nearest tree, and in his fright not being able to discern the difference between a man and a tree, he had run up my legs and under my coat-tail until he found access into my coat-sleeve. I brought the pretty little animal home with me in a tin flour-dredger which I obtained from one of the cottagers, and kept it for upwards of a year, feeding it upon nuts and apples, of which it was extremely fond, after which, much to my sorrow, it died.—W. K. M.

MARLBOROUGH'S KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—The following is told on the authority of Bishop Burnet:—"The Duke of Marlborough talking over some point of English history once with Bishop Burnet, and advancing some anachronisms and strange matters of fact, his lordship, in a great astonishment at this new history, inquired of his grace where he had met with it. The duke, equally surprised on his side to be asked that question by so knowing a man in history as the bishop, replied, 'Why, don't you remember? It is in the only English history of those times that I ever read, in Shakespeare's plays.'"

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THE Committee have great pleasure in announcing that the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., has kindly consented to preach, on Sunday, May 9th, one of the Annual Sermons in the Parish Church of St. James's, CLERKENWELL, Divine Service commencing at Half-past Six o'clock, p.m.; and that the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON has also kindly engaged to preach the other at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, NEWINGTON, Divine Service commencing at a Quarter to Eleven o'clock, a.m.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The Public Meeting will be held on Wednesday Evening, May 5th, at Exeter Hall, commencing at Half-past Six o'clock. The Chair will be taken by STEVENSON BLACKWOOD, Esq., and amongst the speakers will be the following:—the Rev. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., Canon of Durham; Professor SMYTH, M.P. for Londonderry; the Rev. T. S. WYNKOOP, of Allahabad; and Dr. BARNARD. GEORGE HENRY DAVIS, LL.D., Secretary.

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